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Moachelles has been giving a series of concerts at Paris, and confirmed the celebrity which, as a first rate pianist, he has long since attained—the French Journals speak in raptures of his brilliant performance.

Madame Pasta is exciting, by her splendid talents, the liveliest enthusiasm in her progress through Italy, her performance on one occasion at Verona, was attended with circumstances of peculiar interest, as it is said that on the eve of her appearance in Romeo and Juliet, she visited the tomb of those lovers, which exists near that town, and in her subsequent exertions, exhibited how deeply her sympathies were influenced by the event.

The Messrs. Herrman have announced an evening and morning concert for the 26th and 27th of this month.

### IRISH MUSIC.

We are happy to learn that Mr. Edward Bunting, the well known collector and preserver of our national music, is preparing for the press, another volume of the unpublished melodies of Ireland. We need scarcely say how rich a treat the lovers of original national melody may expect from the acknowledged ability and taste of this accomplished musician.

### ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

At the annual general meeting of this learned body, held on Tuesday the 16th of March, the following Members of Council were re-elected on the several committees:—

#### Committee of Science.

1. Archbishop of Dublin.
2. Joseph Clarke, M.D.
3. Rev. Samuel Kyle, D.D. P.T.C.D.
4. Rev. Franc Sadleir, D.D.
5. Sir C. L. Giesecke.
6. Rev. R. Mac Donnell, D.D.
7. Professor Hamilton.

#### Committee of Polite Literature.

1. Rev. Jos. H. Singer, D.D.
2. Andrew Carmichael, Esq.
3. Samuel Litton, M.D.
4. Rev. W. Drummond, D.D.
5. Hon. and Rev. J. Ponneroy.
6. James Apjohn, M.D.
7. Rev. Edward Johnston.

#### Committee of Antiquities.

1. Isaac D'Oliver, L.L.D.
2. T. H. Orpen, M.D.
3. Hugh Ferguson, M.D.
4. Sir W. Betham.
5. John D'Alton, Esq.
6. George Petrie, Esq. R.H.A.
7. Rev. Caesar Otway.

The Officers for the ensuing year, are

*Treasurer.*—T. H. Orpen, M.D.

*Secretary to the Academy.*—Rev. J. H. Singer, DD. F.T.C.D. and Rev. R. Mac Donnell, D.D. F.T.C.D.

*Secretary of Foreign Correspondence.*—Sir Wm. Betham.

*Librarian.*—Rev. W. H. Drummond, D.D.

The Vice-Presidents have not been yet nominated by the President, the Lord Bishop of Cloyne, who is not now in town, but they will most probably be the same as last year, namely, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Provost, Jos. Clarke, M.D. and the Rev. Fr. Sadleir, D.D. F.T.C.D.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### SONNETTO.—CÖLONNA.

Vivo mio scoglio e selce asperga e dura,  
Le cui chiare faville il cor m'hanno arso;  
Freddo marmo, d'amor di pietà scarso,  
Vago quanto più po formar natura:  
Aspra CÖLONNA, il cui bel sasso indura  
L'onda del piano da questi occhi sparsi;  
Ove repeute ora è fugge e sparso  
Tuo lume altero? e chi me 'l tiglie e fura?  
O verdi poggii, o selva ombrase e folte;  
Le vaghe luci de' begli occhi rei,  
Che 'l duol soave fanno, e 'l pianger lieto,  
A voi concesse, lasso! a me son tolte;  
E pura fele o pasce i pensier miei,  
E 'l cor doglioso in nulla parte ho queto.

DELLA CASA.

#### COLONNA.\*—TRANSLATION.

Thou living rock! unyielding heartless stone,  
Whose sparkling lustre hath my soul consumed;  
Cold marble!—that compassion, love, disown,  
Yet formed so fair, with charms so bright illumined!  
Proud CÖLONNA! thou, whose nature chill congeals  
The streams of grief from these eyes that flow;  
Where wanders now thy haughty glance?—who steals  
My prize so cherished—sole relief from woe?  
Ye verdant hills!—ye groves of foliage deep!  
Of you fair mischief-darting eyes the light  
That grief enguaging, makes it joy to weep.  
Now shines for you, but mocks, alas! my sight—  
So my dark thoughts on acrid gall must feed;  
And torn from peace, my heart be doomed to bleed.

H. Y.

\* Colonna, (a column,) the family name of the house to which the noble lady addressed, belonged.

#### TO A LITTLE GIRL.

Thou wild and playful! as the breeze  
Whose wing is rustling now:  
The evening slumber of the trees,  
The drooped laburnum bough;  
And thine own dark loose locks, that o'er  
Thy downcast face, will half  
At moments hide, till shaken back—  
Thy sweet and blushing laugh.

Thou suiting flower for Spring's careess!  
Thus won to silence now,  
And sitting 'neat' her leafiness,  
With lifted listening brow.  
The blackbird pouring over us,  
His loud yet soft delight,  
Is like thee,—neither has a grief—  
A thought of storm or night.

How lightly drops upon my neck,  
That soft encircling arm!  
A purer wreath than pearls to deck,  
A thing the heart to warm.  
My fawn-like favourit' soul hath touched  
Like light thy form and face;  
And to thy slightest motion given,  
A gay yet stately grace.

Oh! very beautiful thou 't be,  
When to the sun of time,  
The bud of hope uncloses free,  
And thou adorn'st thy clime;  
And with thy mind's rich fragrance fill'st,  
The atmosphere around,  
Making the circle where thou art,  
Seem like enchanted ground.

But they'll wreath the Grecian head of thine  
With gaudy garlands bright;  
They'll let no shadowing veil decline,  
Over that fine eye's light;  
They'll teach thee 'tis not well to let—  
That simple crimson blush,  
So often to thy careless cheek,  
At each emotion rush.

Yes—thou art for the world—and I  
Know what the world ordains:  
The crystal soul's transparency,  
Its misting breath profanes.  
I shall not feel to thee as now—  
I shall not love thee so;  
For this first singleness of heart,  
I shall but faintly know.

Yet in the triumph of thy gifts,  
When dazzling with delight, /  
If thou shouldest start as truth uplifts  
Life's curtain falsely bright:  
Remember this one silent hour!  
Wert thou not happy here?  
Gifts are but grief too well thou'lt learn:  
Steal back and veil them, dear!

### LITERARY NOVELTIES, &c.

Nothing but "Memoirs," whether forged or real, will at present sell in Paris. In addition to the quantity of trash of this description lately published in that city, there has been just announced, Memoirs relating to the Emperor Napoleon, from the notes of M. Constant, his first *adate de chambre* (?) who was absent only for a space of eight days, during sixteen years personal attendance. M. De Bourrienne has pourtrayed the Emperor at the council-board and in the field—M. Constant will introduce him in his night-gown and slippers, and will, doubtless, afford an opportunity of judging whether the old adage is true, "that no one is a hero to his valet de chambre."

It is somewhat singular that the Netherlands should possess but one publication—and that one edited at uncertain periods—which is devoted to the Fine Arts and Sciences. It is called the *Messager de Gand*, conducted by De Bast, and the members of the Society of Arts at Ghent. What is become of taste and *virtu* at Brussels, the capital?

The London novelties of which we have heard since our last, consist of the Life and Correspondence of Admiral Lord Rodney, in the press. The recent controversy about the breaking of the line, is supposed to have hastened this publication; but it had been long in preparation by a member of the family; and report says, will form a source of not less valuable information and instruction, than the late Life and Letters of Lord Collingwood. The Family Cabinet Atlas, constructed upon an original plan, The Game of Life, a novel, by Leitch Ritchie, author of Tales and Confessions—Fiction without Romance, or the Locket Watch, a novel, by Mrs. Polack.—A new work on the French Language, by Mr. Tarver, French master of Eton, on the plan of the Enseignement Universel of Iacotot.—Problems in the different branches of Philosophy, by the Rev. Dr. M. Bland, F.R.S.—Oxford English Prize Novels, now first collected, the Earl of Eldon, Mr. Grattan, Lord Sidmouth, Bishops Burgess, Coplestone, Heber, and Mant, Professors Milman, Sandford, and Robertson, Rev. R. Wheatley, &c. &c. are amongst the authors.—Tales of Scottish Life and Character.—The Picture of India.—The Village and Cottage Florist's Directory, by James Main, A.I.S.—A new Volume of Country Stories, by Miss Mitford.—Ranulph de Rohais, a Romance of the Twelfth Century, by the author of Tales of a Voyager to the Arctic Ocean.

There is in preparation a new edition, with additions, of the Life of Mary Queen of Scots, by Henry C. Bell.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Pilgrim of the Hebrides, by the author of Three Days at Killarney, 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards—Dr. A. Thompson's Sermons against Universal Pardon, 12mo. 6s. 6d. boards—Wilson's Protestant Truths and Roman Catholic Errors, 12mo. 6s. boards—Leak's Travels in the Morea, 3 vols. 8vo. £2. 5s. boards—Marley on Diseases of Children, 8vo. 9s. boards—Strutt's Manual of Devotion, 18mo. 3s. 6d. cloth—Harrison on Water Colours, 8vo. 2s. 6d. boards—Lloyd's Field Sports of the North of Europe, 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 12s. boards—Temple's Travels in Peru, 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 12s. boards—Carwell, on Crime and Sorrow, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Blunt's Veracity of the Books of Moses, crown 8vo. 5s. 6d. boards—Franceur's Mathematics, Vol. II. 8vo. 15s. boards—Griffith's Sermons, 8vo. 11s. boards.

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

We think the noble friend of Rosenkranz must have proved oblivious, as "Fair Eyes" first met our smiling vision on Sheelah's day. We can assure him that we gazed on them delighted—

Sounding the blue depths of each other's eyes; And that "we here compassion in our bowls," though, like the *niggers*, he may "tink we've got no feelings." His admirable lines have however much higher claims, and shall adorn our next.

Marcus also proved too late for this week, but also shall appear.

We feel much indebted to H. Y. and in reply to the postscript of the very pretty billet we received, beg to assure the writer that the trouble there alluded to will be to us a grateful and agreeable task.

M. of T.C.D. is so redolent of Spring, that we reserve him for our first sunny April Number—meanwhile we shall be glad of his promised favours.

Our very able and distinguished Edinburgh friends, of the Literary Journal and the Literary Gazette, do us infinite honor by their warm commendations and quotations; but though on Mad. Dacier's principle they are pleased to pluralize our humble name in the seal of their affection for our person, we could wish to be spared from being thus thrust upon the public in our individual capacity. If they are pleased with our labours—well; but personal notoriety we do not at all ambition: and therefore we cannot regret that most of the guesses of our last-named contemporary were erroneous.

The extreme press of matter, relating peculiarly to Ireland, and therefore, as we conceive, more specially interesting to our readers, has somewhat curtailed our usual varieties in Periodical Literature, and other important matters, this week; but we shall take an early opportunity of bringing up our leeway.

Z. Y.